A MARSHALL CAVENDISH COLLECTION

IN FORTNIGHTLY PARTS

The Ancestral Trail

When he who is the Chosen One
Shall tread upon the Ancient Path
And battle there to overcome
The Forces of the Dark
Then shall the Seven be restored
And evil banished from this world

FOLLOW THE ANCESTRAL TRAIL

Where mythical monsters, battles and treachery await.
The race is on to save the Ancestral World from destruction.

INSIDE

Issue 1
THE MOSS BEAST
In the Grip of the
Slime River Ghoul

PLUS

- Map Poster
- Your first pieces of the Ancestral World Map
- Two stories from *Morbane's Book of Monsters and Magic*
- Activities and Competition

Julek Heller

UK £1.75 IR £1.95 Australia $4.50 NZ $5.50 Singapore $4.95 Malaysia MYR6.95 Malta £M1.50

From a story by Frank Graves

Night was falling fast as Richard hurried across the common. He was going to be late home for the third time this week. Suddenly his foot caught in a hole and he tumbled to the ground. He twisted his foot to pull it free but the hole seemed to widen and he felt himself slipping down into it.

Down, down, down he went. It was like a nightmare. The more he scrambled to escape, the more he was being sucked into the earth. Then he was floating helplessly through space. He felt a brief, sharp pain as he landed with a thump. Then there was total darkness.

When Richard came to, he was in a forest. An old man was peering down at him. "Who are you?" Richard asked. "How did I get here?"

"I am Golan, Keeper of the Life Force. You, Richard, have been sent to help me. There is an Evil One who is destroying my world. Even as I speak, he wins the final battle against my forces.

"Behind me stands the Tree of Life. The Evil One has stolen six of its seven Life-Force pods. Without their power, six Guardians were captured. Only my pod remains, but I am much weakened," Golan said pointing to a small, purple pod. "You must find the missing pods and return them to the Tree. Then you must destroy the Evil One."

"W-why me?" Richard stammered.

"You are the Chosen One. Our prophecies foretell that the Evil One shall be destroyed by a stranger who sees in two lights."

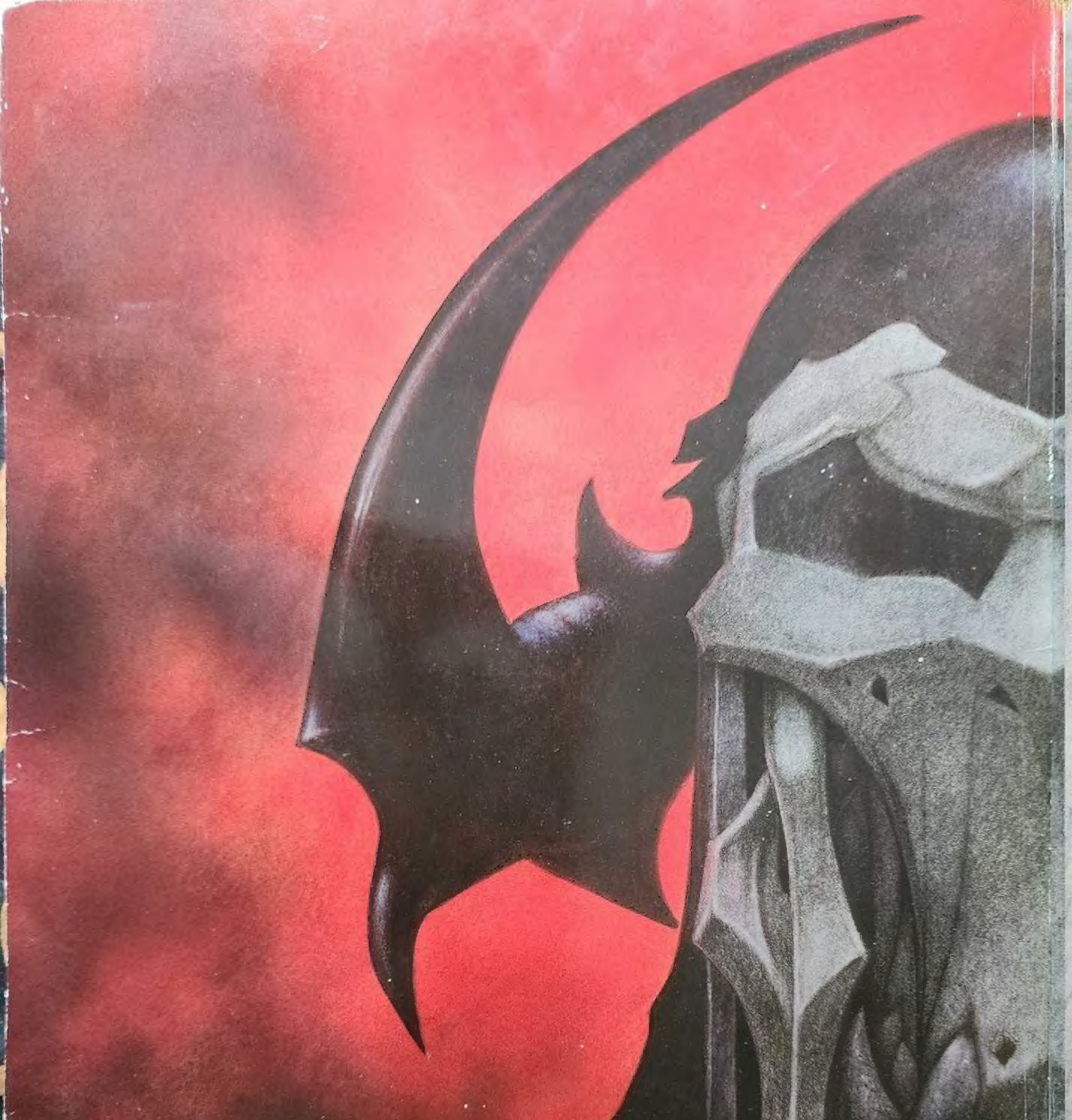
"But I don't see in any lights," Richard told Golan.

"The grey eye sees the dark side of life, the green eye sees good. Only you can weigh the balance," Golan said.

Richard had always been teased about his different coloured eyes but he never let it bother him. Until now! "Look, I just want to go home."

The old man fixed him with a piercing gaze. "You cannot return. The prophecy must be fulfilled by the twenty-sixth day. There will be one to guide you. Much danger lies ahead. Wear this tunic. It will conceal you seven times when the hood is up. While you have this amulet, I will always be with you." With that Golan disappeared.

Feeling scared and shaken, Richard put on the tunic and started walking. The forest was dark, lit only by occasional shafts of sunlight. Suddenly a stocky, mail-clad figure jumped on to a boulder right in Richard's path. He had a pig-like face. "A-are you my guide?" Richard stammered.

The creature gave Richard a cautious grin. "I am Orkan of the common beasts," he said. "Why do you want a guide?"

Richard told Orkan about his quest to find the stolen pods. "I can help you," Orkan said. "I just escaped the final battle with my life. I am looking for other survivors, but we can travel together." Orkan moved off down the path. Still apprehensive, Richard slung his bag over his shoulder and hurried after Orkan.